Will Graham the Vampire Slayer

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Will Graham the Vampire Slayer

by Ishxallxgood

Summary

Into every generation a slayer is born: one person in all the world, a chosen one. They alone will wield the strength and skill to fight the vampires, demons, and the forces of darkness; to stop the spread of their evil and the swell of their number. They are the Slayer.

Will Graham is the Slayer. Not by choice but by fate. He falls for a vampire, but not just any vampire, but Hannibal Lecter, a *vampire with a soul*. Will the introduction of two new vampires put a damper on the relationship he is trying to kindle with Hannibal? Or will they be the key to his becoming?

The Buffy the Vampire Slayer AU no one asked for but y'all are getting anyway.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Chapter 1

Will glared at the headstone in front of him, lightly tapping the stake against his thigh. It was getting late, and Hannibal said he might show at the Bronze tonight. All he needed was for this fucking vamp to rise so he can dust it and then hopefully make out with his undead boyfriend. Or rather soon-to-be undead-boyfriend, as they weren't *actually* a thing yet. Not that he wasn't trying. Or at least hinting, *hard.*

A Slayer and a vampire, what a fucking concept. Then again, it was a Slayer and a *vampire with a soul,* which made things a little more kosher. Maybe. Not that it phased him one way or the other. Hannibal was fucking hot, and all sorts of amazing, and found Will fascinating, and most definitely wasn't trying to eat him. Or anyone else as far as he knew. So what if he's a vampire, and Will was *technically* a *vampire Slayer,* technically, because he honestly slays a lot more than just vampires, the Council really should update his title, give him a raise maybe. Or maybe simply fucking pay him.

A growl pulled him from his thoughts, and before the newly risen had a chance to even take his first steps, there was a wooden stake through his heart and dust settling around Will. *Another one bites the dust,* he thought with a chuckle.

God he hated this town.

A year ago, he was about to lose his damn mind. It was his junior year of high school, and things were *finally* going right. He had finally made first string, and sure he wasn't the star quarterback or anything, but he was popular goddamn it. He had a wonderful girlfriend, Molly, who was honestly the sweetest thing ever and cute as a button, but no, his life just *had* to be turned upside down.

It was bad enough that he was expelled from school, for something that was entirely out of his control. Seriously. It wasn't like he *wanted* to burn down the gymnasium, okay maybe a little bit, but it was full of vampires, and honestly, he did the school a favor. Of course, *they* didn't see it that way, so he was kicked out. No big deal, they could have just enrolled him in another school, but no. Life had to fuck him big time, and instead of just changing a school, his dad had to uproot them and move to bum-fuck-nowhere, also known as Sunnydale.

It wasn't like he *asked* to be the slayer. No, the job was just shoved down his throat, without his consent. Chosen one and all. It was bullshit in his opinion. What was even worse, was the fact that his Watcher, Jack Crawford, was the type to just screamed at him until he was blue in the face thinking that would make Will conform to his demands. No fucking thank you. If he could, the first thing he'd do is upgrade to a less angry, screamy Watcher. Perhaps someone like the kindly old Brit the previous slayer had. Yes, a soothing old British man with an affinity toward dusty books and a kind smile would do nicely, but no, he was stuck with Jack fucking Crawford. He had seriously been considering running for the hills. Fuck humanity and his calling, and the fucking Council. What were they going to do, *fire him?*

Then he met Hannibal, and Hannibal changed the game. Hannibal gave his life meaning again. Okay, maybe that was being a little over dramatic, but Hannibal made him *want* to stay in the shit-hole that was Sunnydale. Letting Jimmy and Bev convince him to go to the Bronze that night was probably the best decision he had ever made in life. So what if Hannibal was five hundred some-odd years old, or twenty something in human years, a ten year difference never killed anybody. Besides, it wasn't like he *knew* Hannibal was a vampire right off the bat, though he probably should have. The Council should probably revoke his Slayer card, since seeing a man dressed in a three piece windowpane suit, with a floral tie and a textured shirt did not automatically scream *VAMPIRE* in his head. Then again, in his defense, the first thing Hannibal had done was give him a cross on a necklace and attempt to psychoanalyze him, so what was he supposed to think? He was too busy rebuilding his forts and falling in love to notice that there was something *off* about the man.

And honestly, when it finally did come out that Hannibal was a vampire, Will almost dusted him. Alright, almost was a huge stretch, because he stood absolutely no chance against Hannibal. The only reason he had even gotten close to dusting Hannibal was because Hannibal was being kind and allowed him to *almost* dust him. Turns out, Will was a pretty terrible Slayer and needed all the help he could get. Luckily for him, Hannibal, god bless his soul, graciously volunteered to give Will a hand with his training; and his Watcher, who was apparently smitten by this charismatic vampire with a soul, actually accepted his offer.

And so began their year long courtship.

At least Will liked to think of it as a courtship, but it was probably more on the side of a mentorship; considering the fact that Hannibal was *always* just so professional and proper. Either way, Will was hopeful that by the end of the month they'll be necking and maybe Hannibal would even let him call him Daddy. But first, it might help if Will could actually convince Hannibal to embrace their sexual tension and kiss him, or you know, acknowledge the fact that they were practically boyfriends, or even simply courting.

Only apparently they were most definitely not fucking courting, because it turns out Hannibal wasn't waiting for him at the Bronze like he said he was going to be. Because Hannibal was here, blocks away from the cemetery, leaping between some asshole kid and what was obviously- look, he's a better Slayer now, alright- another vampire. Will stood frozen, heart caught in his throat as Hannibal told the kid to run home, and turned to acknowledge the other vampire with a softness in his eye that Will had never seen before.

Will had half a mind to bolt from the scene. Run away to the Bronze, find the only two friends he had in this god-forsaken town and maybe weasle a drink out of some unsuspecting doofus and drink to forget the way Hannibal said his name. Of course, Will did the opposite. Instead, he found himself sulking off around the corner, and making his way deftly up to the roof of the nearby buildings in hopes to get a better vantage point and catch *some* of their conversation.

"Who?" Will heard Hannibal say, with a reverence in his voice that Will did not recognize.

"The boy. The *Slayer."* Will sucked in a breath as bright blue eyes caught the moonlight as they drifted toward him briefly before refocusing on Hannibal. He wasn't sure if the other vampire knew he was there, but he felt his jealousy flare up as the vampire leaned in and ran

a hand across Hannibal's chest. "Your heart stinks of him. Poor little thing. He has no idea what's in store."

Will suppressed a growl. His hands closing painfully tight around the stake. Hannibal didn't say anything, didn't *do* anything as the other vampire continued to trace a hand across his chest. Will could see it, even without the pendulum swinging. He could see the flashes of pain, and blood, and *intimacy.* This vampire was no stranger to Hannibal. He was something *more.*

More than even Bedelia was. And Bedelia was his sire, his maker, the one who chose him for life. Oh, but Bedelia was chosen for him. She had forced herself upon him given him eternal life to be *her* companion. An act Hannibal ultimately repaid with a stake through the heart, all for Will's sake.

No, this man was different. He was, no is, everything Bedelia was not. This man intrigued Hannibal, captivated him. He held Hannibal's love and adoration, his *obsession.* He was dangerous, far more dangerous than Bedelia ever was.

"This can't go on, Adam," Hannibal said softly, capturing Adam's hand in his. "It's got to end."

"Oh no, Hannibal," Adam said leaning in, lips brushing against Hannibal's ear, closer than Will had ever been. "This is just the beginning."

Will's skin crawled as the air around them *sang.* It enveloped them, Hannibal and *Adam,* twisted around them in a symphony of stardust and blood. He could see Hannibal physically restraining himself and Adam pulled away. He could see the person suit, cast aside, as Hannibal stripped off his masks and bared his soul. *Adam* held his attention, and he radiated care and concern, *loving devotion* toward this man.

Will stood Frozen in place as Hannibal watched Adam leave, piecing his person suit back together and fitting his masks back into place before turning toward the Bronze. Jealousy coursed through his veins, poisoning his blood against Hannibal. How dare he. How dare this traitorous non-boyfriend of his strip his masks for this *Adam.* What made Adam worthy where Will was not?

Objectively, Will knew it shouldn't bother him so badly. Hannibal had a life before him. A lengthy one at that, which included a myriad of people, like Bedelia, like this Adam, and perhaps countless others. He's allowed to have had past relationships. He's allowed to have *friends,* stop them from eating some kid and bare his soul to them.

It was bullshit.

Will was better than them. Will *understood* Hannibal on a cellular level. Where others saw a monster, Will saw a man. A broken soul in need of mending. A beautiful disaster, frayed at the ends but oh so perfectly stitched together.

Will kept telling himself that there was nothing *wrong* with Hannibal revealing himself to this Adam. They probably knew each other for hundreds of years. Lifetimes upon lifetimes. Of

course *Adam* would know Hannibal intimately. Of course Hannibal would strip his masks for an old friend. A blast from his past. There was nothing to be jealous of. Nothing.

Hannibal had a soul now. He's a different man than the monster *Adam* must have once known. He had abandoned *Adam* a hundred years or so ago, and therefore Will *knew* there was nothing to be threatened by. Hannibal chose him.

And yet.

Here he was. Adam. And everything about him set off alarm bells in Will's mind. He was too beautiful, too *ethereal,* too fucking perfect. He didn't scream power and malice the way Bedelia did, and yet, Will was *sure* that this man; this seemingly frail creature of immense beauty held the key to his destruction.

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"Hey, where were you last night?"

Will grunted in response, shoving another fry into his mouth as Beverly plopped down next to him. He did not want to talk about last night.

"We missed you," Jimmy said sliding up next to him, far too close for comfort. " *Hannibal* was there."

"Wow. Amazing," Will replied dryly, pointedly ignoring the two of them as he continued to stacked his fries into a tower.

"Oh no," Beverly said, wrapping an arm around his shoulder and pulled him into a quasi hug. "Did you guys get into a fight? Was he trying to psychoanalyze you again?"

"What? No." Will pulled out of Beverly's grip and dropped his head down onto the table with a bang. He groaned as the movement displaced his precarious fry tower, showering him with greasy potatoes.

"Talk to me, Graham," Beverly said plucking a fry off his head.

"Saw him last night, didn't wanna talk to him," Will mumbled into the table.

"Really? Because he was asking about you."

Snapping up to attention, Will sent fries flying everywhere as he whipped around to face Jimmy. "He what?"

"He asked about you," Jimmy repeated with a knowing smirk. "You know, after he finally managed to shake Zee off."

"Oh god, Zee was there too?" Will moaned. A part of him was glad he decided to no-show, although a larger part of him regretted not being there to witness Brian Zeller's spectacular fail at attempting to woo Hannibal.

“And flirting his balls off,” Beverly added. “ *Oh Hannibal, is that a new suit? I love the way is accentuates you assets.* You should have came. Hanners was wearing this blue and orange windowpane atrocity, it was so ridiculous. Like Zee's face.”

“Ridiculously hot, you mean,” Jimmy said fanning himself.

Will rolled his eyes. “I know. I told you I saw him last night, remember.”

“And you didn't think to say hi?”

“He was preoccupied.”

“I don't believe it,” Beverly said, eyes narrowing. “ *You* are literally the only thing that occupies his attention.”

“It's true,” Jimmy said, nodding sagely. “Man, practically eye fucks you every time you occupy the same space.”

“Well, he was busy gazing longingly at this other vamp, this *Adam,* last night.”

“Bullshit.”

“I'm serious,” Will said, practically shouting as he pushed back from the table. “He was at the park by the cemetery, fucking pops outta nowhere to stop this vamp from feeding on some kid, and instead of dusting him, lets him put his hands all over him and whisper sweet nothings in his ear.” Will sighed and turned to face Beverly, his irritation dissipating into dejection. “Not that I blame him, you should have seen him Bev. I swear, that dude Hannibal met in the park, he was the most beautiful man I’ve ever seen in my life.”

“Sure he was Will,” Beverly said with a not so reassuring squeeze to his hand.

Will sighed, shaking her off. “I’m gonna go to the library, see if Jack needs anything.”

“Bro,” Jimmy said with a sympathetic smile, “you’re really torn up about this aren’t you?”

Turning to face him friend, Will sighed again, running a hand through his hair. “You know how I can do that thing? Let the pendulum swing, as Jack calls it.”

“Yea?”

“Well, I didn’t even have to do it last night, because those two were throwing off so much fucking energy you wouldn't need my perception to read it.”

“Oh, honey,” Beverly said wrapping an arm around his shoulders. “Let’s go to the library and see what we can dig up on the Adam character. Maybe you were wrong.”

“I’m never wrong,” Will murmured in dejection, but allowed Beverly to steer him away anyway.

Nigel growled, slamming his fist into the wall before slowly exhaling. Counting backwards from ten he tried to calm himself down before entering the room.

It had been a shit show for weeks now. Coming to Sunnydale was supposed to solve all his problems. It was supposed to help him find the answers he needed to save his darling Adam, but so far, all he got were dead ends. That and Hannibal fucking Lecter.

Fuck that guy.

If there was one person on the face of this Earth that he hated more than a fucking angry mob in Prague it would be Hannibal fucking Lecter. Fucking sadistic ass motherfucker who tortured his beloved Adam for *years*. Half a fucking lifetime. Although, Nigel supposed he should probably thank the motherfucker for turning his precious Adam into a vampire, because if not for him, Nigel would have died a broken man who never truly knew what love was.

Letting out a sigh, he punched the wall one more time before turning to enter the room.

Adam Raki. Gorgeous, perfect, angelic, Adam fucking Raki stood in the middle of the space, moonlight filtering down through the ceiling bathing him in light. Nigel paused, drinking his fill of his darling Adam, for whom he would raze the Earth to the ground for.

“You sing the sweetest little song,” Adam said, tapping at the cage of the very deceased songbird. “Won’t you sing for me, hmm?”

Nigel shook his head and chuckled softly to himself. Adam and his fucking songbirds. “Darling,” he called out, making his way over toward his gorgeous little spaceman. “I heard a funny thing just now. Charlie tells me that you went out the other night.”

“There was a meteor shower,” Adam said with another tap to the cage, “and then I got hungry.”

Nigel suppressed a growl and slid a hand across Adam’s abdomen, pulling him flush against him. “You um, meet anyone?” he asked, nipping at Adam’s ear, “Anyone interesting? Like Hannibal?”

“Hannibal.” Adam repeated the name, eyes closing as he leaned into Nigel’s embrace.

“Yeah,” Nigel said placing a kiss on Adam’s temple, “So what might you guys have talked about then? Old times? Childhood pranks?”

Deigning to answer, Adam pulled away from him and leaned toward the cage again. Nigel tried to not let it bother him, logically he *knew* Adam chose him in the end. That *he* was the one to hold Adam’s heart, not that pretentious peacock. And yet, he couldn’t stop himself from seeing red when he heard that his darling Adam had a little rendezvous with Hannibal fucking Lecter.

“It’s a little off, you two so friendly, him being the enemy and all that,” Nigel snarled, prowling around his beloved who still refused to look at him or acknowledge his question.

Adam let out a sharp whistle and tapped the cage again. “I’ll give you seed if you sing.”

“For fuck's sake, Adam. The bird’s dead,” Nigel snapped, kicking the stand for good measure. “You fucking hated its incessant tweeting and left it alone to die. Just like you did to the last one.”

A low whine escaped Adam as he curled in on himself, hands covering his ears as he rocked gently.

“Fuck, gorgeous,” Nigel said deflating, gathering Adam back into his arms. “I’m sorry, darling. I’m a bad, rude man. I just don’t like you going out, that’s all.”

Adam stilled his rocking, body still trembling lightly against him. “How else am I supposed to see the stars, Nigel?”

“With me, darling. I’ll take you to the fucking moon and back.”

“You’ve been saying that for years, Nigel,” Adam said, turning to face him. “I’m starting to think you don’t even own a rocketship.”

“Are you sassing me, Adam Raki?”

“Are you going to take me to the moon or not?”

“Darling, I'll take you wherever you want to go.”

“I want to go to bed, Nigel.” Adam cupped his face gently, and then roughly pulled him close to nip savagely at his ear. “Make me see the fucking stars, like you always do.”

“Yes, gorgeous, anything you want.” Sliding a hand through Adam's hair, Nigel drew him back and devoured his mouth before sweeping him off his feet.

“Hey, boss!”

Nigel growled, clutching Adam closer against him as he whipped around to glare at the asshole interrupting them. “What the fuck can you possibly need *right now* , Charlie.”

“Nigel, be nice,” Adam chastised, licking a stripe across his tattoo. “He has the book.”

“The book?”

Charlie smiled nervously back at them, proudly brandishing the Du Lac Manuscript, and a grin slowly spread across Nigel’s face.

“He has the fucking book!” Nigel exclaimed, spinning Adam around before kissing him senseless again. “He has the fucking book!”

“Yes, Nigel,” Adam said, rearing up to briefly sink his teeth into Nigel’s neck, lapping at the wound. “He has the fucking book, now fuck me like you mean it already.”

Will tossed another book in the 'useless’ pile and rubbed at his eyes. Nothing. There was absolutely nothing on *Adam.* Not that the name Adam was anything to go off on. It was a pretty fucking common name unlike *Hannibal.*

There was plenty of shit on Hannibal. All the things. From all the so called atrocious things he did as a vampire to the shit from his human past. Honestly though, Will couldn’t blame him for his so-called murders. For starters, he saw Hannibal’s tableaus as art. There was a finesse to his displays, a beauty in which Will didn’t dare to voice. A darkness he could understand intimately and knew the other would not.

Hannibal displayed his painful past in his tableaus. Took the cruelties of man and exposed them to the world. All his victims were deserving, in one way or another. All of humanity was deserving, for it was men, not monsters who tore his family apart . *Humans* who slaughter his parents and devoured his beloved sister whole.

Will saw it, and hated humanity all the more for it. He could see the world that was filled with so much filth. And sometimes, just sometimes, Will would find himself wondering if it would be so bad to just let the demons and forces of darkness consume all of humanity.

“Here's another one on Hannibal's escapades in Florence,” Beverly said, tossing Will the book. The book which was opened to the Primavera, meticulously recreated via corpses on the back of a wagon.

Il Mostro.

A fitting description perhaps, of a vampire. And yet, Will couldn't help but wonder how monstrous a being which created such beauty could truly be?

Closing his eyes he let the pendulum swing.

The wagon empties and the bodies disappear.

They fall to his feet in a heap, undignified.

Will traces the incisions on one of the bodies. He can feel the care taken to digging out the lymph nodes along the jaw. He maps each one like he's mapping the stars charted out across the sky.

He caresses the jaw, prodding at each incision before lifting the chin. He smiles, pride swelling within his chest, as he beholds Virgo, the maiden of Spring, mapped out along her jaw.

I can hear the stars. The call to me. How lovely their screams are.

The body blinks back to life. He can hear her screams. He smiles as he licks the blood off his fingers before making the next cut.

She is so full of life, and how incredibly beautiful it is, life. He drags it out, her life, her soul.

It is almost as delicious as her agony.

He sees her, his victim. She is beloved. He wants her. To steal her away like the west wind and hear her howl.

Will gasped as he's pulled back to the library, the book slipping through his fingers. This wasn't Hannibal. This kill, it wasn't Hannibal's. It was Adam's. Beautiful, angelic, *perfect* Adam.

Will paled as he stared down at the two bodies immortalized on paper. If this wasn't Hannibal's, well the display was Hannibal's, but the kills... if this one kill out of hundreds, wasn't Hannibal's, how many more like them were out there? Who was this mysterious man, and was he also a monster who rivaled Hannibal himself?

Hannibal's no monster, his brain unhelpfully reminded him. *Hannibal's an artist.*

Picking the journal up off the ground Will handed it back to Beverly. “We're on the right track,” he said, rubbing his eyes. “This wasn't Hannibal's kill. His display, but not his kill. This was Adam's kill, which means we're close.”

“Awesome,” Beverly said, flipping through the journal again, “Hanners had a protegee.”

Will groaned and picked up another journal. Yes, Hannibal had a protegee, a brilliant one at that. And if he had continued on after Hannibal had left, there should be a trail of bodies.

“Hey! Check this out!” Jimmy hopped down from the desk he had been perched on and shoved a journal into Will's face. “This dude looks just like you.”

“That's him,” Will said, the color slowly draining from his face.

“Really?” Beverly said, relieving Jimmy of the book. “Bro, he looks like an older, more well put together version on you. 'Most beautiful man you've ever seen in your life,’ narcissistic much, Will?”

“I am not that pretty.” Will mumbled as he sulked. Maybe he did look a little bit like him, but that man was undoubtedly prettier. *Perfect even,* what if Hannibal was only interested in him because he reminded him of *Adam?* How was he supposed to compete with that?

“Oh no, definitely not,” Jimmy said looking over Beverly's shoulder, “he has this ethereal air about him, you, you're much more of a feral twink vibe.”

“Fuck you, I am not a feral twink,” Will growled, snapping at Jimmy.

“Not helping your case, bro.”

“Adam Raki,” Beverly said, ignoring them. “It’s definitely him. It says here that Adam had suffered years of psychological torture from Hannibal before he was finally turned into a vampire. Before that Hannibal had stalked him and slowly killed off every member of his family, displaying them gruesomely for him to find.”

“Okay, that's kind of impressive,” Jimmy said, plucking the book from Beverly's hands to share the image with the room.

Will had to admit, it was kind of impressive, the way Hannibal had managed to skin and contort a body into the shape of a heart. It made his heart ache to think that Hannibal felt this way about this guy, this *Adam Raki* , but Hannibal was old. Five hundred some odd years old, he undoubtedly had countless lovers before Will.

“At least he's not courting you like this.”

“Yeah,” was all Will could find it in him to say, because how could he possibly explain to his friends that maybe he wanted to be courted like that? Maybe he wanted Hannibal to make grand gestures. To break down his forts and force his way in. Maybe he wanted Hannibal to show his devotion to him via a corpses in the shape of a hearts. To show him just how much he loved him. But no, these grand gestures, the beautiful tableaus, they were for *Adam fucking Raki.*

Chapter 2

“Will, we have a situation.”

Will glanced up from his school work, scowling as Jack closed in on him, dropping a manilla folder on top of his books.

“He's back.”

“What are you talking about? Who's back?”

“The Ripper.”

“The who now?”

“Oh, I forget how young you are,” Jack said, tapping the file impatiently. “The Chesapeake Ripper was a serial killer operating out of the Chesapeake Bay area about a decade ago. He was one of the most prolific serial killers of his time, and the one who ultimately cost me my job as department head of the BAU. This is him. He's back.”

Will frowned, flipping open the folder stamped FBI, authorized personnel only. “So what? You want me to help catch humans too?”

“I just want to borrow your imagination, Will. Can you do that for me?”

Will sighed and nodded, spreading out the photos in the file. He glanced between them and Jack, the frown on his face deepening. “You're sure this is your Ripper?”

“Positive,” Jack said, pulling a few photos. “See here? The organs were removed with surgical precision, the body hollowed out and posed with utmost care. Forensics have gone through the display multiple times, the liver is missing. Classic Ripper.”

“Classic Ripper, eh?” Will scanned the images again, there was no doubt about it. Even without the pendulum swing, he knew exactly who's tableau this was. This was not the work of some serial killer, this was *Hannibal* . His Hannibal. Sure it wasn't human origami, but the signature was there. Big, bright, and bold.

Everything about the display screamed Hannibal. From Perseus freeing Andromeda’s chains with his heart in his hands, to the constellation itself; strung from the lungs, kidneys, and pancreas. But what *really* put the final nail in the coffin, was the fucking body cavity; the gaping hole where Perseus’s heart should be, was stuffed full of Sweet Williams.

Hannibal was sending a message to him directly. Knowing that Jack would come running to him, especially if Hannibal had been Jack's Chesapeake Ripper.

Will sighed, pen tapping idly against the photos. “I don't know what you expect me to do. It's not like I can neither confirm nor deny whether or not this is your Ripper. I'd have to see the

other files. You sure this was even human?"

"Oh, this is human alright," Jack said pacing the room. "Demons are easy. Demons have no souls, they kill to feed, for amusement perhaps, possibly for vengeance, but they don't create macabre tableaux like these. This was definitely human."

No, perhaps Jack was right. Perhaps this was human. *Says a lot about humanity* , Will thought bitterly. But Jack had also mentioned a soul. Humans weren't the only ones with souls, *Hannibal* has a soul.

"Can I see the bodies?"

"What? No you can't see the bodies," Jack huffed, making his way back toward the table to shuffle the photos back into the file. "For starters, I am *not* taking a minor to a crime sce-"

"What difference would it make? Pretty sure I've seen worse, considering my *job* ," Will said, punctuating the word job with air quotes and an eye-roll.

"That is beside the point, Will." Tucking the file under his arm, Jack failed to notice the photo Will had managed to slide under his textbooks. "Besides, the bodies are in Washington, as the display was found in Baltimore, so we will most *certainly not* be taking a trip to see the bodies."

"What do you want from me then?" Will asked, sitting up straighter. "Let the pendulum swing, see if I can see this killer of yours to help you catch him? I can tell you right now Jack, judging by what I saw, you'll never catch him. He's too careful for that. Too… in control. He lets you see exactly what he wants you to see, nothing more, nothing less."

"So what does he want me to see, Will?"

That he's offering to release me from my confines if only I accept his heart. "It's Perseus and Andromeda."

"Perseus and Andromeda?"

"You know, the chained maiden?" Will said only to receive a blank look from Jack. "Greek mythology. I've been obsessed since I was a kid. I'm pretty sure if you research paintings of the pair, you'll find his inspiration."

"So that's it? The Ripper is just recreating classical art?"

"What do you want me to say? That he found a muse he's courting?" Will scoffed, turning his attention back to his books. "If you get me the old Ripper files, I can maybe help you come up with a profile. Not much I can do with one case."

"Fine."

Adam shifted his gaze from the stars down toward Nigel. Frowning as he watched him stalk around Charlie again, growling viciously. He didn't like it when Nigel growled. Nigel was only supposed to growl for him, right before he sank his teeth into the tender flesh of Adam's neck. Adam would have to remind him of that.

“Read it again!” Nigel slammed his fist down onto the makeshift table Charlie had been using, rattling it. Adam flinched at the noise. Nigel was angry. Frustrated. Adam didn't like it when he got this way. It made him hard and sharp. Prone to snapping and cruelty.

“I’m not sure. It could be, uh, *deprimere ille bubula linter.”*

Adam had to stifle a laugh when Charlie said those words. He was clearly wrong. Adam didn't need a translation manual to tell him that. His understanding of Latin was far superior to Nigel's. And yet Nigel had insisted that he would decipher the text himself. Adam had sorely wanted to point out that enlisting Charlie's help wasn't doing it himself, but Nigel was already on edge and he didn't want to send him over. He'd let Charlie have the honors.

“Debase the beef… canoe.” Slamming the book shut Nigel took a jab at Charlie’s face, knocking him over and onto his side. “Why does that strike me as, not right?”

“Nigel, come watch the stars with me,” Adam called from his perch on the ventilation systems. This was getting ridiculous. Nigel should let him help. Or at the very least let him ask Hannibal to help. Hannibal would know how to translate the text. Hannibal always knew. He was a good Daddy, when he wasn’t being a bad Daddy, and had taught Adam *everything.*

Adam knew better than to bring up Hannibal though. Nigel never really cared for Hannibal, not even when they were prowling Florence together with Bedelia. He had always believed that Hannibal wanted to steal Adam away, a notion Adam found utterly preposterous as Hannibal *sired* him. So if anything Nigel would be the one stealing him away from Hannibal, but Adam never found it necessary to argue that point, because Nigel always calmed with a kiss. But he knew no amount of kisses would soothe Nigel if he dared to suggest they asked Hannibal for help with their current predicament. Nigel’s pride wouldn’t allow for it, and Adam, well he was tired. And hurting. And quite frankly dying, if he had to be honest with himself. Nigel blamed himself, and Adam, well Adam will allow him this opportunity to atone.

“Give us some peace, would you?” Nigel snapped at him, his tone sharp and stinging. It set fire to his nerve endings and enveloped him in agony. “Can’t you see I’m working?”

Adam reeled, hands flying to his head as he let out a low whine, hitting the heels of his palms against his temples. Everything *burned.* The stars were screaming in his ears and his head felt like it was going to split open into two. Nigel was angry at him and everything was just wrong, wrong, wrong.

“I’m sorry, gorgeous,” Nigel said scrambling to get up next to him. He grabbed at Adam’s hands and pulled him close, pressing gentle kisses against his temple. Adam whined again, collapsing against him. “It’s just this manuscript. It’s supposed to hold your cure, but it reads like gibberish.”

We could just ask Hannibal, Adam wanted to scream. To thrash against Nigel and his pride and make the hurt just go away. *Hannibal would know. Hannibal would know. Hannibal would know.*

“Oh, forgive me, darling,” Nigel said as Adam shuddered in his arms. “You know I can’t stand to see you like this. We’re running out of time. It’s that bloody Slayer. Whenever I turn around he’s mucking up the works.”

“You’ll make it right,” Adam said, the weight of Nigel against him beginning to soothe his aches. “You always do.”

Nigel pulled him in for a vicious kiss, just the way he liked it, all blood and teeth. After all these years, the taste of Nigel upon his tongue was still the sweetest ambrosia. If he could he would stay like this for all eternity, wrapped up in Nigel’s arms, but the headaches were getting worse. He knew it was only a matter of time.

With great reluctance, Nigel released Adam’s mouth, hands lingering on the nape of his neck. Adam had half a mind to pull him back, devour him whole and keep him close, but he could see the desperation in Nigel’s eyes. It was tearing him apart to see Adam like this. Hurting. Broken.

Adam sighed as Nigel kissed him again, short and sweet before hopping off the metal box. "Well then,” he said, striding over to where Charlie was still cowering over the texts, “enlighten me.”

Charlie glanced up at him, eyes darting nervously from side to side, book clutched tight in his hands. “Uh… well. It looks like Latin, but it’s not. I’m-I’m not even sure it’s a language.”

Adam frowned as Nigel let out another low growl, kicking the makeshift table across the roof. “Then make it a language! Isn’t that what a transcriber does?”

Ignoring the rest of their interaction, he laid back down, turning his attention back to the stars. Adam sighed, allowing the to night wash over him and the stars to sing. He followed the song of the stars as his eyes tracked across the sky, until they stilled on Deneb. Adam could hear the cries of the star, pulsating in tune with throbbing of his head. Following its cry, he mapped out the asterism which formed the Northern Cross.

The music of the stars filled his head, words unravelling around the asterism, beckoning him. “He can’t help you,” Adam said, sitting up so he could catch Nigel’s eye. “Not without the key.”

"You mean it's in some kind of code?"

"Yes," Adam said with a nod. "Find the key, and you can read the book. *Now* will you come watch the stars with me?"

"Anything you want, gorgeous." Nigel leapt up onto the box again, sweeping Adam into his arms.

Adam sighed against him, eyes falling closed as he rested his head on Nigel's shoulder. "I think I want a new spacesuit."

“I'll buy you all of fucking NASA if that's what you want, darling.”

Adam squirmed in his arms, twisting around so he could take Nigel's face into his hand. “You know I hate it when you lie to me, Nigel,” Adam said accusingly, fingers digging hard into Nigel's jaw. “You don't have the means to buy me NASA. I don't think *Daddy* even has the means to buy me NASA, though I never thought to ask.”

Nigel pulled out of Adam's grip with a growl. Adam smirked at him, knowing *exactly* why Nigel was upset. Oh how Nigel hated it whenever Adam called Hannibal, *Daddy*. Adam never really understood why, but what Adam did know was that he absolutely *loved* it when Nigel got all riled up for him.

“Why do you do that, darling?”

“Do what?” Adam asked, his lashes fluttering innocently, a spark of mischief glinting in his eyes.

“I'm the one who takes care of you, darling. *I'm* the one you should be calling *Daddy*.”

"That doesn't make any sense, Nigel. Why would I call you Daddy? I'm your sire. If anything *you* should be the one calling *me,* Daddy.”

“Is that what you want, *Daddy?”*

Adam wrinkled his nose, turning back around to lean against Nigel's broad chest. “No. But you seem fixated on it, and have a tendency to use pet names. It doesn't really matter what you call me.”

Nigel hummed as he nuzzled against Adam's ear, nipping lightly before sinking his teeth into the tender flesh of Adam's neck. “Very well then, darling, I'll simply call you mine.”

Adam smiled, tilting his head to give Nigel more access. “Forever.”

Will kicked a loose pebble down the path as he continued to work his way through the cemetery. He was pretty sure Jack was fucking with him for asking to see the crime scene. Because honestly patrolling a fucking cemetery for *vampires* seemed pretty ass backwards. If he was a vampire the *last* place he would hang out in would be the fucking cemetery, where everyone is fucking dead. He would be somewhere full of snacks, like the Bronze. Will should go patrol the Bronze for vampires, not a quiet and quite dead cemetery.

A steady clinking drew his attention to one of the few mausoleums littered around the place. Curious, Will approached it stealthily and peered in. There inside, was a vampire chipping away steadily at the walls. Of course there was a fucking vampire inside, destroying property. Why should he have expected anything else.

Settling down a short distance from the entrance, Will leaned against a tree and began picking at his nails with the point of his stake, lamenting the fact that Jack was correct in asking him to patrol the cemetery. There goes his hopes of ever convincing Jack that he would have better luck patrolling the Bronze.

“Don’t the words, rest in peace, mean anything to you people?” Will asked the moment the doors opened. The vampire who exited stared wide-eyed at him, greasy hair falling over his eyes as he clutched a bundle close to his chest.

Before he had a chance to answer, Will was ambushed from behind by another pair of vampires. Cursing under his breath he engaged the brutes, dispatching them before turning his attention back to the grave robbing asshole.

“Two down, one gone?” he said to no one in particular as he surveyed the area for the other vampire. Letting out a sigh, he tucked his stake back into the inner pocket of his jacket and pushed open the door of the mausoleum. He was unsurprised to find a gaping hole in the wall, considering all the noise, but what did surprise him was the fact that almost everything was left behind. There were piles of golden coins, some priceless looking jewelry, along with some ancient looking tomes, older than anything Jack had in his possession. If all this was left behind, whatever it was the vampire stole, it was very specific.

Jack was not going to like this one bit.

Pride swelled in Hannibal’s chest when he scented Will before he heard him. The boy was learning, and quickly. He was a much different hunter from when they first met a year ago.

"Hello, Will," he said the moment the duffle bag made contact with the ground.

Will groans, eyes meeting his in a glare. "What are you doing here? Shouldn't you be out with *Adam*, or something? And leave Buster alone."

Hannibal smiled sweetly back at him, the hand stroking the stuffed dog stilling. "Buster and I were just getting to know each other," he replied, setting the dog down next to its brothers. "As for Adam, there is no need to worry about him."

"Oh?" Will asked petulantly, dropping down onto his bed. "Shouldn't I? Considering he was your little protégé back in Florence. I saw his kills that *you* displayed."

"Dear Will," Hannibal said, giving the stuffed Jack Russell another pat on the head before crossing the room to stand before Will. "You shouldn't worry about Adam. He may have been my protégé once, an obsession even, but he was never *mine* ."

"You made him though, didn't you?"

"I did." Hannibal took a step closer, lifting Will's chin with his fingers, forcing him to look. "But he was still never mine. I wound him up, I tortured his soul, and let him go. I took his

life and gave him a new one, he bloomed so beautifully for me, but he was never mine."

"You fucking made him love letters out of corpses." Will growled, pulling free of his grasp.

"Is *this* what this is all about? I can assure you, dear Will, he might respect me, hold a certain level of admiration for me, but know this, Adam Raki harbors no love for me. My *obsession* with Adam was not reciprocated. I may have had a hold of his mind once, may have been able to manipulate him to my design, but his heart, beloved, his heart belongs not to me." Hannibal reached out again, gently petting back the curls falling into Will's eyes before taking a set beside him. "Do you know Nigel?"

"You know I fucking know Nigel. Fucker tried to kill my dad remember?" Will glared at him again, pain and hatred burning in his eyes. Hannibal welcomed that passion, that fire. Will Graham possessed within him a darkness to match his own. Adam Raki might have held his attention once, he might have even intrigued him, given him something to occupy his time with, but Will, Will *saw* him, understood him. Will would stand by his side for *eternity* and give himself wholly to him and revel in his love.

"Then you understand."

"What do I understand, Hannibal?"

"That Adam Raki is not mine. I do not want him, and he certainly does not want me. He belongs to *Nigel*, and Nigel, Nigel exists solely for Adam's pleasure."

Will pursed his lips in displeasure. Hannibal could see the gears turning in his head, as he processed this new tidbit of information. He was well aware of Will's presence that evening in the park, he could smell the jealousy coming off of him in waves. It was why he decided to leave dear Uncle Jack a present, *knowing* it would be forwarded to Will.

"It was you wasn't it?"

"What was me?" Hannibal asked, a smile stretching across his face.

"Don't fuck with me, Hannibal," Will spat, pulling away to shove an accusatory finger in Hannibal’s face. “Jack showed me the pictures, asked me to profile his elusive *Chesapeake Ripper* , who I know was fucking you.”

“And what did you tell Uncle Jack you saw?” Hannibal asked, taking Will’s hand into his own, turning it over to uncurl his fingers and trace the lines on his palm.

Will shivered under his ministrations, his hand falling lax in Hannibal’s, the anger seeping out of him. “I told him it was Perseus and Andromeda.”

“And what did you actually see?” Hannibal all but purred, settling Will’s hand down onto his thigh.

"I saw you," Will said, fingers digging into Hannibal’s thigh. "I didn't even have to *look* to see you. Jack thinks his Ripper is *human* , because demons have no *souls* . But that's not entirely true now is it, Hannibal?"

"Clever boy." Hannibal smiled, proud, as he stroked his thumb along Will's cheek.

Will leaned into his touch, the tension leaving his body as he let out a sigh and turned to press a kiss to Hannibal's palm. "I accept, you know," he murmured against his hand. "I accept your heart and everything that goes with it, so please unchain me already."

Hannibal slid his hand into Will’s hair, his fingers closing into a fist around those curls and pulled Will roughly into him, sealing their mouths with a searing kiss. God knows how long he had wanted to do that; *taste* Will. Will tasted just as exquisite as he had always imagined. Sweet, spicy and delightfully smokey. Like a sweet Christmas cake surrounded by a burst of winter spices, flowing around a smoky-spicy explosion that is wrapped up in the most delicious honey-glaze of smoked meat and chewy treacle.

Will moaned against him, tongue slipping between his lips to tease at his teeth. Hannibal growled, released his demon and nipped lightly at Will’s bottom lip, drawing blood. His blood was even sweeter yet, like honey and treacle toffee, coating his mouth with the taste of deep mocha and lingering raisins. His demon clawed at him, demanding that he drink; he feed. That he take this boy and sate his craving, but he would not. He would not see Will demeaned to a meager meal. Will was made for so much more, and Hannibal, well Hannbial looked forward to savoring him for all of eternity.

Adam was sleeping by the time Charlie came back with the cross. Nigel didn’t want to disturb him, the headaches were getting worse, Adam’s body was getting weaker, and Nigel was getting more irritable. He was losing his Adam, and that was something he refused to abide by. Two hundred fucking years was not nearly enough time with his brilliant star.

“Nigel?”

Nigel smiled, dropping down next to Adam, stroking a hand along his arm. "Hello, gorgeous."

“I was dreaming,” Adam said, leaning into him, fingers tapping against his thigh.

“Of what, pet?”

“We were in Paris.” Adam turned toward him, his eyes brightening for a moment as he reached up to stroke Nigel’s face. “You had a branding iron.”

“Yeah?” Nigel asked, leaning into him, pressing a kiss to his temple. “I brought you something.”

“There were worms in my baguette,” Adam murmured, hand falling back against the bed as Nigel released him to get up. Nigel sighed, brushing a hand through Adam’s hair, tugging gently at the ends before tucking them behind his ear. Adam smiled softly, his eyes slipping closed as he nuzzled Nigel’s hand. “You’ll take care of them for me, won't you?”

“I’ll get you the bloody baker, so that you could feast on him for as long as you want,” Nigel said, pressing another kiss to his temple.

The smile on Adam’s face grew wider as he shifted, sitting up as Nigel crossed the room to retrieve the cross from Charlie, eyes tracking him the entire time. Nigel dropped back down onto the bed, offering Adam the cross pillowed on a velvet cushion. “This is it then, love?”

Adam lifted his arm, hand reaching out toward it. His hand hovered over the cross, arm trembling and body tense, as he knitted his brows in concentration. “It hums. I can hear it.”

Nigel grinned, tossing the cross aside to pull Adam into a fierce kiss. “Once you’re well again, we’ll have a coronation down Main Street and invite everyone. We'll feast for seven day and seven nights.”

“But the Slayer,” Charlie interjected, ruining the moment.

Nigel growled at him, pulling Adam closer, but before he could snap at Charlie, he felt Adam squeeze his hand. Adam shifted, tucking himself snugly against Nigel, head tilted toward Charlie as his eyes slipped closed.

“The Slayer won’t be a problem for much longer,” he said, idly stroking Nigel’s hand. “The stars are shifting, and by the time Taurus raises his head, the Slayer will be resting his.”

Nigel liked the sound of that. Adam’s predictions were never wrong, but the rising of Taurus won’t be for another month or two, and Nigel wasn’t sure if they had another month or two. Adam was deteriorating quickly. “It won’t be long now, darling,” Nigel said, “now that we have the key, Charlie here will surely make quick work of the transcribing.”

“Yes,” Charlie said, moving quickly to retrieve the Cross and scurry out of the room. *Pathetic.* Nigel thought, watching as Charlie cowered and retreated, leaving him blissfully alone with his Adam again. One day soon, he won't need any of these people anymore. One day soon, his brilliant star, his harbinger of death, will be at full strength again, and together they didn't need anyone else.

"Now, darling," Nigel said, moving to straddle Adam, pressing a biting kiss to his lips, "where were we?"

Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

Nigel finally figures out the key to Adam's cure, Will gets a glimpse into his Ripper, and Adam, well Adam likes being naughty.

Note the rating change to Mature, some non-explicit masturbation

Chapter Notes

rolls in one year later with Starbucks and a feather duster

I would say I'm sorry, but I'm not. I said from the get that this would get irregular updates, but LOOK MA! I UPDATED!~

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The night was quiet, as nights usually were at three in the morning. The sky though, the sky was anything but quiet. The stars had been screaming at him all night, and Saturn, Saturn in all its beautiful glory screamed the loudest. Adam would have gone back inside, hidden away in the quiet confines of his bed, away from the screaming sky, but it had been a chore to get Nigel to concede, and this noise, *this* noise he could endure.

Nigel was beautiful. Full of anxious excitement as he prowled behind Charlie, practically breathing down the man’s neck as he worked. Adam could almost taste his excitement in the air as Charlie turned another page, pen scratching furiously against the paper he was writing on. He was close. Adam could see it in the way Nigel stalked even closer. Charlie was close and it was only a matter of time until Nigel too, knew *who* it was that held the key to his cure.

Adam smiled, tongue teasing at his teeth as he considered what Nigel’s reaction would be. He couldn’t wait to sink his teeth in, taste Nigel’s displeasure which flavored his blood just the way Adam liked. Watching with bated breath, Adam vibrated with excitement as Charlie turned toward Nigel, handing the stack of freshly transcribed notes. The smile slipped from his face as Nigel scanned the words, his own smile spreading before his eyes lifted to meet Adam’s.

"By George, I think he’s got it," Nigel exclaimed, slapping the papers once before sweeping into space before him, hands finding his hair and pulling him into a tender kiss. “The key to your cure, gorgeous. The missing bloody link, it was-”

“Daddy,” Adam finished for him, grinning madly when Nigel growled, hands tightening in his hair. Adam shifted, dragged his legs out from under him to wrap around Nigel’s waist, pulling him in close so he could bury his teeth into Nigel’s neck.

Nigel’s blood rushed into his mouth, heady and sweet, laced with the spice of his displeasure, just the way Adam loved it. But Nigel couldn’t hold onto his ire, not when Adam was drinking so greedily from him. When that spiciness gave way to the tangy sharpness of his arousal, Adam allowed Nigel to roughly pull him off.

“Naughty boy,” Nigel reprimanded, and Adam shivered, licking the blood from his teeth as he ground up against Nigel’s quickly filling cock.

Oh how he *loved* it when Nigel got rough like this. It had been too long, *far too long.* How Adam had missed this. Missed the way Nigel would manhandle him, vicious and feral. He *loved it* when Nigel would hurt him, bend him until the pain turned to pleasure. Ever since Prague though, Nigel had been afraid. Afraid he’d bend too far and break him. Oh, but Nigel could *never* break him, not even when he was literally dying, Nigel could never, ever break him.

"What are you going to do, Nigel?” Adam asked defiantly, heels digging in. “Spank me?"

"Oh I'll do so much more than just spank you, darling," Nigel said with a low growl, releasing his hair and Adam automatically bared his neck in supplication.

It had been weeks since that night in his room. The night Will looked upon the Chesapeake Ripper and offered him his heart.

Not much had changed in terms of his relationship with Hannibal. Sure there was more kissing involved, but that was about it. There were no more ostentatious declarations of love and obsession, not that Will *required* a display, but wanting and needing were two entirely different things.

Will *wanted* to feel invaluable. He *wanted,* and maybe *needed,* to be the center of Hannibal's world, to be the only thing that could bring such a man, such a monster, such an otherworldly thing to his knees.

He fought back a smile when Jack unceremoniously slammed a filling box labeled "confidential" in front of him. He didn't have to look to know that it was filled to the brim with case files for Jack's Ripper. *Will's Hannibal.* Instead, he lowered his pencil and raised an eyebrow at Jack. "What's this?"

"This," Jack said, pulling the lid off of the box, "is one of the *many* boxes of Ripper cases. I want you to look through them, let me know if it matches the most recent killing."

Will took a deep breath, steading his hands as he grabbed a random file and flipped it open. It wasn't exactly what he *needed* in the moment, but it was *something,* and he would gladly take it. He licked his lips, heart pounding in his chest as he leafed through the crime scene photos.

It was beautiful. Breathtakingly beautiful. Cliff-diving beautiful. He couldn't help but wonder if every file in that box, in those *boxes,* were all just as beautiful.

He didn't know what to tell Jack. He could easily confirm that the most recent murder was definitely his Ripper, but he wasn't sure what that would do for him. Jack certainly wouldn't believe that it was Hannibal, not that Will *wanted* to reveal Hannibal like that, because he didn't. Hannibal was his, and he most certainly did not want to share him with Jack, but at the same time, he refused to accredit Hannibal's *art* to anyone else. He would have to talk to Hannibal.

“Can I take some of these home?” Will asked and Jack huffed. "You know, to take a closer look, because it's not like I can just spread all of this out here, what if someone walks in? How would we be able to explain why I'm looking at confidential FBI files?" He amended quickly before Jack could deny him.

Jack glared, which honestly was expected, but deflated as he rubbed at the bridge of his nose. "Yeah, sure, just take the box. DON'T LOSE ANYTHING."

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Will gasped, hand pumping faster as his eyes raked over the images sprawled before him. He shouldn't be doing this. He knew it was a bad idea when he started, but he had gotten so hard getting lost in Hannibal's mind that he simply couldn't help himself.

"Oh fuck," He yelped, spilling hard into his hand as his knees buckled and he had to brace himself on the desk behind him.

It was strange, the fact that he had gotten so aroused. *Hannibal* certainly wasn't aroused when he tore those pigs apart, that, Will was sure of. And yet, the very thought of Hannibal, elbow deep inside of a body, tearing out organs and twisting bone and flesh into works of art made him harder than he had ever been in life. Honestly, that fucking said a lot about him, but it was something for future Will to untangle, present Will, well present Will just had to come up with some bullshit to spit at Jack.

Coming down from his orgasm, with images of Hannibal dragging out the lungs of a still breathing girl floating around in his head, Will almost missed the creak of his window opening. He whipped around before he had a chance to think better of it, cock still hanging out of his barely lowered jeans, hand coated in cum.

"Hannibal," he gasped out, watching the vampire's nostrils flair, his tongue wetting his lips. Will stood frozen as those amber eyes, blown black in arousal, lowered, and his monster prowled toward him.

He shuddered as his hand was brought up to Hannibal's lips, as his face morphed before his tongue dragged along his cum coated fingers. He tried to tamper down his excitement as Hannibal cleaned his hand, slotted himself between Will's legs and bit down softly into the meat of his hand.

"Oh fuck," Will moaned when sharp teeth pierced his skin, his blood rushing south as his cock valiantly tried to fill again. The pain was delicious, and before he could stop himself, he was bearing his neck to a vampire. They really should take his Slayer card away from him, but he was entranced, a captive in Hannibal's spell.

Hannibal, bless his soul, didn't take the bait. He lapped at Will's hand, savoring the now sluggish flow of blood before lowering it again. Will's heart beat wildly in his chest as Hannibal drew him closer, hands falling to his hips, gently stroking his naked skin before moving to brush against his soft cock. Fuck, Will wished he could get hard again, push up into Hannibal's grasp, maybe bring the man to his knees and stuff his cock down his throat.

Evidently though, Hannibal had other ideas, because before he could get it up again, Hannibal was tucking him back into his boxers and zipping up his jeans. Will wanted to growl, to snap and bite at him, demand they consummate their relationship, but then Hannibal fisted his hair and his mouth was against his.

Will clutched at him, hands stroking against even more pronounced cheekbones, his hardened brow, mapping out every inch of his monster before tangling in his hair. Hannibal tasted like *him,* his mouth coated in Will's cum, his blood, it probably should have repulsed him, but he *loved* it. Loved knowing that Hannibal was flavored by *him.*

"Mylimasis," Hannibal whispered against his lips when they finally parted. "I never could predict you."

Will smiled. Tried to pull Hannibal back into another kiss, but the vampire evaded him, attention instead focusing on the files scattered across Will’s bed. Will watched, picking at the hem of his shirt as Hannibal stalked around him to get a closer look at his own work.

“Jack’s looking for his Ripper again,” Will offered when Hannibal remained silent, fingers trailing along photographs.

“And what did you tell him?”

“That I needed a closer look.”

Hannibal turned back toward him, smile growing as he crowded Will’s space again. Will smirked back. Pushed against his monster, bit at his lips as he took another kiss. If it were up to him, they’d never stop kissing. Okay maybe briefly, but only to take off their clothes, but other than that, he would live inside Hannibal’s mouth, fangs and all. Unfortunately, he needed to come up with a plan, something to tell Jack.

“Why Baltimore?” He asked breathlessly, nosing along Hannibal’s jaw, nipping at his neck.

“It has its merits.”

“Bullshit,” Will spat, pulling away to glare at Hannibal. “It’s a shit city, especially compared to Florence, and Paris, and whatever else European city you had been living in before. Don’t lie to me, Hannibal.”

The demon retreated and Hannibal smiled broadly at him, blunted human teeth mimicking the fangs his monster wielded. “I was chasing the Slayer.”

The Slayer. Will recoiled, unbridled jealousy tearing through him and suddenly he wanted nothing at all to do with Hannibal fucking Lecter. Was *this,* all this was? A game? Catch the Slayer, wind him up and see him go?

"Cunning girl, that Slayer, Clarice Starling," Hannibal said, hand cupping Will's jaw, thumb brushing along his cheek. “You should have seen her, my darling boy. She was brilliant."

Will slapped Hannibal's hand away with a growl. He could almost *see* the girl, young (albeit older than him), fresh, smart. She would have had to have been if *Hannibal* called her brilliant. Will wanted to kill her on principle, but she was already dead. His very existence proves that. "Don't-"

"Now dear Will, no need for all this animosity. She was brilliant, but blind. Unlike you, she *almost* caught herself the Ripper, but she miscalculated, taking one step too far, trusting in the infallible Jack Crawford."

“Jack?”

“Naturally he was not her Watcher, but he was her boss. Head of the BAU and all.”

“She was FBI?” Will asked, brows knitting in confusion. For a Slayer to have survived that long, she *must* have been brilliant. Will suddenly felt small and insignificant.

“Barely,” Hannibal said, lip curling ever so slightly in thinly veiled contempt. “She was a *trainee.”*

The fact that she was *only* a trainee didn’t make Will feel any better about himself. The way Hannibal spoke about her, there was a level of respect and awe, so much so that Will didn’t even need his pendulum swing to see it. Hannibal practically radiated it. Will could feel those coils of insecurity twisting, turning until they turned green with jealousy again. He was *better* than her. He *saw* Hannibal where she could not. He was better, brighter, probably prettier too, and yet Hannibal still kept his distance. Sure they had started kissing, but those walls, that mask Hannibal chose to wear, was still firmly in place.

“So what? You just run around chasing Slayers? Is that all I am to you?”

“Nonsense, dear boy,” Hannibal said, and was back on him again. Fingers trailing across his face, tangling in his hair. For a moment Will allowed himself to forget what it was he was so angry about, when Hannibal devours his mouth again, tongue licking into him, tasting every corner of his mouth. “You mylimasis, you are far superior in every which way and taste all the more sweeter.”

It took a moment for Will’s brain to reboot, to register the words coming out of Hannibal’s mouth. When they finally did, Will’s fist shot out before he could stop himself, connecting squarely against Hannibal’s jaw, knuckles scraping against his teeth before being caught in

Hannibal's grasp. With a smile, Hannibal licked the blood from his teeth before bringing Will's hand to his mouth.

Will shuddered as Hannibal licked the blood from his hand, momentarily forgetting his anger again. Hannibal was here, now, with *him,* and he should be happy, content. He wasn't though. He wanted everything, *all* of Hannibal. He wanted to know, to be sure that *he* was the only one who could truly capture his monster's heart. "Prove it."

"Have I not already?"

"No," Will growled, pulling his hand away. "The Ripper kills in sounders of three, I only have one display dedicated to me."

Hannibal hummed. Licked the blood from his lips and drew Will in for another kiss. "For you, I'd slaughter the whole of Baltimore to conquer your heart."

It was a start. Will accepted the offer, sealing his approval with a kiss as his heart rabbitted in anticipation.

Nigel was away. He was away most nights, *every night,* coming back just before dawn to slip his arms around Adam and fall asleep pressed up against him.

Most nights Adam didn't mind. Most nights he could barely find the strength to get out of bed, and Nigel would smother him in love before he left to pursue the key. Those nights Adam would drift in and out of sleep, awaken roughly to the screaming of the stars and fall back into fitful nightmares that are only soothed by the press of Nigel against him.

Tonight, though, tonight was one of his good nights. When the noise inside his head was low, and he felt as if he could actually function. Good nights were far and few in-between nowadays, and Adam would have liked it if Nigel had been here, with him, instead of off chasing a shadow. Nigel stood no chance against Hannibal, not if Hannibal didn't want to be caught.

"Adam, you shouldn't be up."

Adam turned, blinking slowly as his eyes settled on the firey red of Gabi's hair. "Shouldn't I be?"

"It's just, Nigel said-"

"I'm hungry."

Gabi's lips turned down and pursed into a harsh moue, and for a moment Adam wondered if she would deny him. He was half convinced she would deny him, abide by the rules Nigel had set and keep him contained. He wouldn't fault her, Nigel could be terrifying when he wanted to be. When he wasn't too busy treating Adam like a fragile teacup that could shatter at a moment's notice.

Adam wasn't fragile though. He didn't shatter when Hannibal had been playing with him and he certainly wasn't going to shatter now. With a drop of his shoulders he lowered his eyes, before looking back up at Gabi with a bat of his lashes and a smile that would bring Nigel to his knees. "Please?"

Gabi sighed, conceding much faster than he had expected. "Alright, come on, you win."

Adam smiled, following Gabi as she led the way. "Can you take me to where Nigel is?"

"What? No. He'd kill me," she said coming to a stop, a look of abject horror crossing her face.

"That's absurd," Adam said, waving off her concern, "Nigel's not going to kill you."

"He will if I put his little pet in danger."

"I'm not his pet," Adam said with a scowl. "I'm his daddy."

Gabi laughed. Adam wasn't sure why. He hadn't said anything particularly funny, but her laugh made him smile. "Whatever you say, *Daddy."*

"So you'll take me to him."

"Sure, sure, but if I'm dust, that's on you."

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The Bronze was loud and crowded and Adam hated every second of it. Gabi was already halfway across the dance floor undoubtedly leading him toward Nigel. Any other day, Adam would have happily followed her. Sauntered over to Nigel and sunk his teeth into his neck. Especially since he hadn't been lying when he had said he was hungry, because he was hungry. Starving really, and Nigel, well Nigel had always been his favorite meal. Nothing, absolutely *nothing,* compared to the taste of Nigel upon his tongue.

"Gabi, wait." He wasn't here for Nigel though. He was here for Hannibal, or more accurately Will. If he followed Gabi to Nigel now, he would lose his chance. If he let Gabi continue to Nigel without him, he would lose Gabi. He wasn't willing to lose either.

Gabi stopped. Raised an eyebrow at him and followed him across the room, *away* from Nigel.

"Adam," she hissed, when Will and Hannibal came into view. "That's the Slayer."

"I know." Ignoring her protest he pressed forward, attention focused on Will and the stake he was fingering in his jacket.

"Adam," Hannibal said, voice warm as Adam placed his hands on the edge of the table, fingers tapping out a steady rhythm on the worn synthetic wood.

"Hannibal," he replied in greeting with a curt nod. "I wish to speak with the Slayer, alone."

Gabi gasped audibility behind him, hands tugging at his shirt, hissing his name in terror.

Will turned to face him, grinning wildly as he continued to finger the stake in his jacket. "Who's to say I wouldn't dust you the moment I got you alone."

"You won't," Adam stated confidently.

“I might, considering I’m the Slayer, and you’re a vampire.”

Adam frowned, feet shifting uncomfortably as he looked from Will to Hannibal and then back down at the movement in Will’s jacket. “You won’t,” he repeated. “You’re not a very good Slayer.”

“Excuse me!?” Will yelled, slamming his hands down on the table and coming to a stand. “I am a VERY good Slayer! I can dust a dozen of you motherfuckers in an hour if I wanted to.”

Adam glanced up at him again, eyes pinning Will down, ignoring the uncomfortable feeling of being *seen.* “If you *wanted* to,” Adam reiterated, holding Will’s glare, “But you don’t want to do you?”

“Oh I *want* to dust *you.”* Will snarled.

“But you won’t.”

“Fuck you, *Adam,”* Will spat, and Adam could feel the weight of both Hannibal and Nigel’s eyes on him. He knows that even from across the room, Nigel would be on Will before he could even remove the stake from his jacket. “I’ll dust you if I wa-”

“That is enough, dear Will.”

Will growled, head snapping over towards Hannibal, teeth bared. “You stay out of this.”

Hannibal sighed, fingers tracing along Will’s arm, coaxing him to release the grip he had around the stake. He pulled Will towards him, held him against his chest as he buried his nose against the column of Will’s neck. Adam felt the beast inside him stir. He yearned to turn around, seek out Nigel, and drink his fill.

“Mylimasis,” Hannibal cooed against his neck, tongue darting out for a taste before pulling back. “Go, talk with Adam, hear what he has to say. He’s come all this way to speak with you, and he does not make such decisions lightly.”

“Fine,” Will grumbled, turning to get a proper kiss from Hannibal before pulling away. “Come on,” he said, making his way toward the door, knowing Adam would follow.

Adam hesitated, glancing from Will's retreating body to Hannibal and Gabi. He trusted that Will wouldn't harm him, but Hannibal, Hannibal was an entirely different story. “Please don’t kill her.”

Hannibal smiled, that wicked *not* smile of his. "I promise not to kill her, žvaigždinis."

Adam pursed his lips before frowning. He hated the expression in Hannibal's face, knew him well enough to know it meant trouble, but he had given his word. And Hannibal always kept his promises. "That's not my name," he mumbled, before turning to follow after Will.

“Adam, you can’t,” Gabi hissed, grabbing at his wrist.

“I’ll be fine, Gabi,” Adam said with a pat to her hand. “You stay with Hannibal. Nigel won’t kill you if you’re with him, besides, he’s going to follow me.”

Gabi frowned, brows furrowing before finally aquicenting and letting Adam go.

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“You know I could still dust you,” Will said, crossing his arms as he leaned against the wall outside of the Bronze.

“No you won’t,” Adam repeated with a shake of his head, trying to ignore the vibration of the bass which was keeping him on edge. He hated it, the constant thumping that made his heart beat strangely.

Will cocked an eyebrow, a smirk crossing his lips as he pulled the stake out and rested it against Adam’s chest. “Hannibal’s not here to stop me.”

“No,” Adam said with a shake of his head, “he’s not. Neither is Nigel, and I honestly if you wanted to, I wouldn’t have the strength to fight back, but you won’t dust me.”

“How are you so confident I wouldn’t?” Will asked, voice dropping low in an attempt to intimidate him. Adam wasn’t impressed, even with the added pressure behind the stake.

“Because,” he replied with a shrug, pushing the stake aside to cross his arms across his chest. “You want to fuck Hannibal, and if you dust me, he’ll kill you before he fucks you.”

“You don’t know that,” Will seethed, teeth clenched, but the stake retreats.

“Then you don’t know Hannibal.” Adam sighed. His fingers tapping out a rhythm against his biceps as he caught Will’s eye. “Besides, if you really wanted to stake me, you would have done so already.”

“Fine,” Will conceded with a huff, putting the stake away and slumping back against the wall. “You win, I’m not going to dust you. So what did you want to talk about?”

“The first night of the full moon will be in two days,” Adam said, fingers stilling as he glances up at the sky.

“Wait,” Will interrupted, pushing himself off the wall to poke him on the shoulder. “You dragged me out here to give me an astrology lesson?”

“Astronomy,” Adam corrected. “Astrology is the belief that the position of the stars and planets determine an individual's personality and future. Meanwhile, astronomy is the actual study of astronomical objects, but no, I’m not here to give you an astronomy lesson.”

“Whatever,” Will scoffed, but settled back against the wall, picking at his fingers while he waited for Adam to continue.

Adam uncrossed his arms and shrugged. He couldn't help but wonder if Will was always this rude and if he was, how Hannibal tolerated him. “As I was saying, the first night of the full moon will be in two days. The ritual to restore my strength must be performed during the full moon.”

“And I care because…?”

“The key to the ritual is my sire.”

Will's fidgeting halted. He straightened up as his eyes hardened as the aloofness slipped away. "Hannibal would nev-" Will paused. Cutting himself off mid word as he contemplated all he knew about Hannibal and Adam.

Adam waited. He watched Will go through a series of emotions before scowling and settling back against the wall. "Why are you telling me this?"

"Nigel needs Hannibal for the ritual, and chances are, Hannibal already knows this," Adam reasoned, fingers tapping lightly against his thigh. "Hannibal knows that Nigel's pride would not allow him to accept his help, and Nigel knows that he would never be able to subdue Hannibal on his own."

"I still fail to see what any of this has to do with me," Will said, cutting him off.

"Rude," Adam thought before tensing. He could feel Nigel hovering above them. He could feel the waves of displeasure rolling off of him. He'd have to end this conversation now. He'd have to hope it was going to be enough.

"I have to go," Adam said, fingers picking up speed. "Just make sure you're ready. Two days."

"Okay, but where?" Will said, taking a step forward.

Adam took a step back, widening the space between them again. Better off not having Nigel believe he was being threatened. "You'll figure it out. Just make sure you save Hannibal."

"I will dust your lover boy if he so lays a finger on Hannibal," Will snarled, hands finding his stake again.

Adam merely smiled at the empty threat. Eyes darting up at the shadows above them before settling in Will's restless hands. Oh the nativity of this boy. This *Slayer* doesn't stand a chance against Nigel, especially not if Adam's life was at stake. "Just be prepared," Adam warned before looking up again to catch Nigel's eye.

Nigel glared down at him, expression hard and it sent a shiver down Adam's spine. He had been naughty again. Disobedient. He had left the safety of their nest and consorted with the enemy. Nigel had every right to be angry, to demand punishment, and Adam, well Adam

would gladly welcome it. Anything to get Nigel's hands on him again, teeth ravaging his body.

Adam shuddered again as Nigel dropped into the space between them. He met Nigel's eyes with defiance as he was swept up into his arms. Teeth buried in Nigel's neck, drinking his fill of his displeasure, Adam vibrated with excitement. Tonight was going to be a good night indeed.

Chapter End Notes

come scream at me for never updating this on Twitter

End Notes

Posting this to gauge interest.

I do have a plan for this. An elaborate plan which I'm not sure how to execute yet, but if there's enough interest in this I'll try harder to figure that out.

There is no update schedule, and I apologize in advance for that. I am a very slow writer so yea...

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!